door and smiling across at him.

Where is Mr. Griswold?"

come to help you cure it."

ing point," he said.

ently.

about it."

heart of gold, Margery, and I-"

"Please don't," she said, trying to

"No; before that envelope is opened,

ward, I may not-you may not-that

to ask, or for you to listen. I love

She was looking up at him with the

faintest shadow of a smile lurking in

I am, I might take advantage of all

Heavens, Margery! Don't make a

you, Margery; I-

vou-I need vou!"

and your sister,"

him.

tered.

she grew suddenly grave.

open the door and let me go?"

turned and laughed at him again.

"I am going to cure you-you, per-

sonally, as well as the sick situation-

Mr. Raymer," she said flippantly.

never, never learn to love your mother

And with that spiteful thrust she left

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Gray Wolf.

As it chanced, Jasper Grierson was

in the act of concluding a long and ap-

sation with his agent in Duluth at the

moment when the door of his private

room opened and his daughter en-

and was pushing the bracketed tele-

with Raymer, on the desk.

of the yard.

## COPYRIGHT BY CHARLES SCRIBNERS SONS

CHAPTER XXIV-Continued. -12-

one of the great wicker lounging the ex-employees themselves. chairs half hidden in the veranda another of the chairs for himself, dropping into it wearily.

"I saw you at the gate," she said. "The men are still holding out?" "We are holding out. The plant is closed, and it will stay closed until and truth were going; the daily re-

ventured. thought. "There is nothing in me to that the news of Galbraith's death

appeal to." "There was yesterday, or the day before," she suggested.

"Perhaps. But yesterday was yesterday, and today is today. As I told Raymer a little while ago, I've changed my mind."

"No," she denied, "you only think you have. But you didn't come here Raymer next morning, passing a newto tell me that?"

tion. How is Mr. Galbraith?" "He is a very sick man."

You mean that there is a chance that he may not recover?" "More than a chance, I'm afraid."

said. "I did my best; you know I did my best?"

Her answer puzzled him a little to hate you if you hadn't."

whispering of the summer night plant last night?" breeze rustling the leaves of the lawn oaks and the lappings of tiny waves on the lake beach. At the end of it, fixed; a pile of kindlings laid in the Griswold got up and groped for his corner back of the machine shop an-

"I'm going home," he said. "It has with kerosene." been a pretty strenuous day, and there is another one coming. But before I queried Griswold, half-heartedly. After go I want you to promise me one the heavens have fallen, no mere terthing. Will you let me know imme- restrial cataclysm can evoke a thrill. diately, by phone or messenger, if Mr. Galbraith takes a turn for the better?"

him say good-night and get as far as tell. He says there was a flash of light the steps before she called him back | bright enough to blind him, and then a

gan, with the sober gravity that he of the shop and around to the place, could never be sure was not one or there was no one there; nothing but her many poses, and not the least al- the pile of kindlings." Kenneth?"

it with becoming seriousness. "I suppose I do. Why?"

that Mr. Galbraith's life may be upper Shawnee street. spared.

He could not let that stand. cially?" he asked, adding: "Of course, I'm sorry, and all that, but-"

"Never mind," she interposed, and she left her chair to walk beside him | chair. to the steps. "I've had a hard day,

you ought to do it, you know." the eyes whose depths he could never

wholly fathom. "Why don't you do it?" he demand-

"I? oh, God doesn't know me; and, besides, I thought-oh, well, it doesn't are only making a hopeless bluff. We matter what I thought. Good-night." can hold our forty or fifty tramp work-And before he could return the leave taking word, she was gone. . . . . . . .

Raymer's prediction that the real trouble would begin when the attempt will vanish. We both know that." should be made to start the plant with imported workmen was amply fulfilled during the militant week which followed the opening of hostilities. Each crease of lawlessness. From taunts past." and abuse the insurrectionaries passed easily to violence. Street fights, when the trampish place-takers came in any considerable numbers, were of daily occurrence, and the tale of the woundtle. By the middle of the week Ray- liminary stage of its outworking. mer and Griswold were asking for a sheriff's posse to maintain peace in were getting their first definite hint the game of politics against them.

better protection.

all sense of expediency.

"I don't have to reply to any such the brittle little conference ended.

lose the plant guard of deputies that sudden horror; and his hat was on the Bradford has been maintaining," com- back of his head. mented Raymer, as they were descending the courthouse stairs; and gized. "The sun ain't high enough yet precious. again his prediction came true. Later to make a clear print. But you said in the day the guard was withdrawn; 'hurry,' and I reckon it will do." and Griswold, savagely reluctant, was

to the owners, themselves."

broad veranda when he heard his the guarding of the company's prop- ernor ought to fire that man Murray. name called softly from the depths of erty be entrusted to a picked squad of He was payin' Clancy in checks!" During these days of turmoil and shadows. In a moment he had placed rioting the transformed idealist passed through many stages of the journey down a certain dark and mephitic valley not of amelioration. Fairness was It had been through the mails and bore back."

forced to make a concession repeated-

ing chance of life for Andrew Gal-"There will be lots of suffering," she braith, and the stirrings evoked were fine timber, but it happened to be on neither regretful nor compassionate. "It's no use," he said, answering her | On the contrary, he knew very well would be a relief for which, in his heart of hearts, he was secretly thirsting.

## CHAPTER XXV.

Margery's Answer.

"Well, it has come at last," said ly opened letter of the morning de-"No; I came to ask a single ques- livery over to Griswold. "The railroad people are taking their work away from us. I've been looking for that in every mail."

Griswold glanced at the letter and handed it back. The burden was lying After a moment of silence Griswold heavily upon him, and his only comment was a questioning, "Well?"

At this, Raymer let go again. "What's the use?" he said deject-"I could almost find it in my heart edly. "We're down, and everything we do merely prolongs the agony. Do

Silence again, broken only by the you know that they tried to burn the "No: I hadn't heard." "They did. They had everything

"Well, why didn't they do it?"

"That's a mystery. Something happened; just what, the watchman who "Certainly," she said; and she let had the machine shop beat couldn't "There was another thing," she be- scrap of some kind. When he got out

luring one. "Do you believe in God. Griswold took up the letter from the railway people and read it again. The query took him altogether by When he faced it down on Raymer's surprise, but he made shift to answer desk, he had closed with the conclusion which had been thrusting itself upon him since the early morning hour "It is a time to pray to him," she when he had picked his way among said softly; "to pray very earnestly the sidewalk pools to the plant from

You can still save yourself, Edward," he said, still with the colorless "Why should I concern myself, spe- note in his voice. And he added: "You know the way.

Raymer jerked his head out of his desk and swung around in the pivot-

"See here, Griswold; the less said too, Kenneth, boy, and I-I guess it has about that at this stage of the game, got on my nerves. But, all the same, the better it will be for both of us!" he exploded. "I'm going to do as I He stopped and looked down into said I should, but not until this fight is settled, one way or the other!"

Griswold did not retort in kind. "The condition has already expired by limitation; the fight is as good as settled now," he said, placably. "We men just as long as we pay their board over in town, and don't ask them to report for work. But the day the shop whistle is blown, four out of every five

"Then there is nothing for it but a receivership," was Raymer's gloomy decision.

"Not without a miracle," Griswold succeeding day saw the inevitable in- admitted. "And the day of miracles is

Thus the idealist, out of a depth of wretchedness and self-exprobration hitherto unplumbed. But if he could have had even a momentary gift of telepathic vision he might have seen ed grew like the returns from a bat- a miracle at that moment in the pre-The time was half-past nine; the

place a grottolike summer house on the neighborhood of the plant; and the Mereside lawn. The miracle workers were two: Margery Grierson, radithat someone higher up was playing ant in the daintiest of morning housegowns, and the man who had taken cashier of his bank to come up." "No, gentlemen; I've done all the her retainer. Miss Grierson was curilaw requires and a little more," was ously examining a photographic print; the sheriff's response to the plea for the pictured scene was a well-littered foundry yard with buildings forming "In other words, Mr. Bradford, an angle in the near background. you've got your orders from the men Against the buildings a pile of shavhigher up, have you?" rasped Gris- ings with kindlings showed quite clearwold, who was by this time lost to ly; and, stooping to ignite the pile, teller, was next in rank to the cashier. the envelope across, the photographic fully. Miss Grierson pulled up at one spoiled darling of an intricate organic up at, or just before, the instant of Wahaska. . . . charge as that," said the chief peace of- camera-snapping. There was no misficer, turning back to his desk; and so taking the identity of the man. He had a round, pig-jowl face; his bris- hastily, and forthwith made his es- pers aside there was a silence that "All of which means that we shall tling mustaches stood out stiffly as if in cape. The telegraph office was a good bit. Then he said, slowly:

> "It ain't very good," Broffin apolo-Miss Grierson nodded. "You caught

complish by setting fire to the works?" wold was goin' to put some o' the ring- filled with angry workmen, and an ex- opened." leaders in jail, if they had to make a cited argument was going forward at case against 'em. Clancy had it fig-

Miss Grierson was still examining the picture. "You made two of these prints?" she asked.

them effective?"

Broffin handed her a large envelope, ly urged and argued for by the older unsealed. "You'll find 'em in there. He had climbed the steps of the men among the strikers, namely, that That part of it was a cinch. Your gov-

Again Miss Grierson nodded. quired. "Have you heard from your messenger?"

Broffin produced another envelope gone, and in its place stood angry re- the Duluth postmark.

sentment, ready to rend and tear. Pity we can get another force of work- port from Margery told of the lessen- it to go with MacFarland as the driver of the rig. They saw some mighty the wrong side of the St. Louis county line. He's a tolerably careful man, and he verified the landmarks."

ered the remedy and I've brought it "Affidavits will do," was the eventoned rejoinder. Then: "These papers are all in duplicate?"

"Everything in pairs-just as you ordered." Miss Grierson took an embroidered chamols-skin money book from her just as it is," she went on. "If there

bosom and began to open it. Broffin are no signs of improvement in the raised his hand. "Not any more," he objected. "You overpaid me that first evening in front

of the Winnebago." "You needn't hesitate," she urged. 'It's my own money." "I've had a-plenty."

"Then I can only thank you," she said, rising. He knew that he was being dis-

missed, but the one chance in a thousand had yet to be tested. "Just a minute, Miss Grierson," he begged. "I've done you right in this business, haven't I?"

"You have." stop him; but he would not listen. "I said I didn't want any more money, and don't. But there's one before I can possibly know what it conother thing. Do you know what I'm tains, I'm going to ask you one quesnex and the whole thing saturated here in this little jay town of yours tion in spite of your prohibition; and I'm going to ask it now because, after-

"Yes; I have known it for a long

time." "I thought so. You knew it that day out at the De Soto, when you was tellin' Mr. Raymer a little story that was partly true and partly made upwhat?"

"Every word of the story about Mr. Griswold-the story that you overheard, you know-was true; every sin-



Miss Grierson Was Curiously Examining a Photographic Print.

gle word of it. Do you suppose should have dared to embroider it the least little bit-with you sitting right there at my back?"

Broffin got up and took a half-burned cigar from the ledge of the summer house where he had carefully laid it at the beginning of the interview. "You've got me down," he confessed,

with a good-natured grin. "The man that plays a winnin' hand against you has got to get up before sun in the morning and hold all trumps, Miss Grierson-to say nothin' of being a velope, the counterpart of the one left diction she departed. mighty good bluffer, on the side." Then he switched suddenly. "How's Mr. Galbraith this morning?"

"He is very low, but he is conscious Broffin's eyes narrowed.

"The cashier is sick and can't come," he said. "Well, someone in authority will come, I suppose."

"If you haven't anything else for me | the accompanying documents. For a litto do, I reckon I'll be going," he said, the time after he had tossed the paten minutes' walk from the lake front, and in the light of what Miss Grierson had just told him, the minutes were

Something less than a half-hour after Broffin's hurried departure, Miss give you back your ammunition so and that crooked guy, Clancy, was a Grierson drove by quieter thorough. that you can use it on me, do you?"

him in the very act, didn't you?" she fares into the street upon which the "Those papers and that picture are said coolly. "What did he hope to ac Raymer property fronted. Smoke was copies; the originals are in a sealed pouring from the tall central stack of envelope in Mr. Raymer's safe. If you "It was a frameup to capture public the plant, and it had evidently pro- haven't taken your hands off of Mr. be a mix-up." sympathy. There's been a report cir- voked a sudden and wrathful gather- Raymer's throat by three o'clock this

ared out that the fire'd be charged up locked-out men and a watchman inside out heat and without restraint, he load of furnace coal. By all the signs stripped her of all that was womanly, the trouble flood was abating. The crowd let the trap pass without pouring out upon her a flood of foul hindrance. Though it was the first epithets and vile names garnished der his window and calmly made a time she had been in the new offices. with bitter, brutal oaths. She shrank hitching post of the clerk who went "Yes; here's the other one-and the she seemed to know where to find from the crude and savage upbraid out to see what she wanted. A mowhat she sought; and when Raymer ings as if the words had been hot irons "And you have the papers to make took his face out of his desk, she was to touch the bare flesh, but at the end standing on the threshold of the open of it she was still facing him hardily. the manager's room

"Calling me bad names doesn't "May I come in?" she asked; and change anything," she pointed out, and when he fairly bubbled over in the ef- her tone reflected something of his fort to make her understand how wel- own elemental contempt for the eu- become of him." come she was: "No; I mustn't sit phemisms. "You have five hours in down, because if I do, I shall stay too which to make Mr. Raymer under- to be settled?" "About the other matter?" she in- long-and this is a business call. stand that you have stopped trying to begin on that? You can curse me out and bewildered. "Some sort of a mir-"He went up town a little while ago, any time, you know." and I wish to goodness he'd come

mud-volcano manifestation of it, talk over terms of surrender. It "You have been having a great deal of trouble, haven't you?" she said, passed as suddenly as it had broken seems that the whole thing was the do there," he said. "My man worked sympathetically. "I'm sorry, and I've out. Swinging heavily in his chair he result of a-of a mistake." took up the papers again, reread them thoughtfully, and then swung slowly Raymer shook his head despondto face the situation.

"Let's see what you want-show up "I'm afraid it has gone past the curyour hand."

"Oh, no, it hasn't. I have discovwith me." She took a sealed envelope trouble, and let Mr. Raymer settle acle?" with his men on a basis of good-will from the inside pocket of her driving and fair dealing." coat and laid it on the desk before him. "I'm going to ask you to lock that up "Is that all?" "No. You must cancel this pinein your office safe for a little while,

I'm not going to let you be worse than sick situation by three o'clock, you are to open it-you and Mr. Griswold-and an Arab." Grierson's shaggy brows met in a read the contents. Then you will know reflective frown, and when he spoke exactly what to do, and how to go the bestial temper was rising again.

"When this is all over, and you've

Her lips were trembling when she gone to live with Raymer, I'll kill him, got through, and he saw it. She was he said, with an outthrust of the hard going then, but he got before her and jaw; adding: "You know me, Madge." shut the door and put his back against "I thought I did," was the swift retort. "But it was a mistake. And as "I don't know what you have done, but I can guess," he said, lost now to for taking it out on Mr. Raymer, you'd better wait until I go 'to live with him,' everything save the intoxicating joy of as you put it. Besides, this isn't Yellow the barrier-breakers. "You have a

Dog gulch. They hang people here." "You little she-devil! If you push me into this thing, you'd better get Raymer, or somebody, to take you in. You'll be out in the street!"

"I have thought of that, too," she said, coolly; "about quitting you. I'm sick of it all-the getting and the spending and the crookedness. I'd is, perhaps it won't be possible for me put the money—yours and mine—in a pile and set fire to it, if some decent man would give me a calico dress and a chance to cook for two." "Raymer, for instance?" the father

cut in, in heavy mockery. the depths of the alluring eyes. And "Mr. Raymer has asked me to marher lips were no longer tremulous ry him, if you care to know," she when she said: "Oh, no, you don't. struck back. If I were as mean as some people think

"Oho! So that's the milk in the cocoanut, is it? You sold me out to buy in with him!" "You may put it that way, if you

on her driving gloves methodically joke of it!" he burst out. "Can't you and working the fingers into place, see that I mean it? Girl, girl, I want and there were sullen fires in the brooding eyes. This time she laughed outright. Then "I've been thinking it was the other

"My dear friend, you don't know what you are saying. The gate that damned crook." you are trying to break down opens The daughter went on smoothing upon nothing but misery and wretched the wrinkles out of the fingers of her ness. If I loved you as a woman ought to love her lover, for your sake and she inquired, with indifference, real or

for my own I should still say no-a skillfully assumed. thousand times no! Now will you "He's got too much money to be He opened the door and she slipped him.' past him. But in the corridor she

"Never mind Mr. Griswold," she insuppose that is enough to make you hate him. About this other matterten minutes before three o'clock this Then, mimicking him as a spoiled afternoon I shall go back to Mr. Raychild might have done: "I might pos- mer. If he tells me that his troubles sibly learn to-think of you-in that are straightening themselves out, I'll way-after a while. But I could never, get the papers."

"You'll bring 'em here to me?" "Some day; after I'm sure that you have broken off the deal with Mr. Gal-

Jasper Grierson let his daughter get as far as the door before he stopped her with a blunt-pointed arrow of con-

"I suppose you've fixed it up to marry that college-sharp dub so that parently satisfactory telephone conver- his mother and sister can rub it into you right?" he sneered.

"You can suppose again," she re turned, shortly. "If I should marry him, it would be out of pure spite to He hung the receiver on its hook those women. Because, when he asked me, I told him No. You weren't phone set aside when Margery crossed counting on that, were you?" And the room swiftly and placed an en- having fired this final shot of contra-

After Miss Grierson had driven "There is your notice to quit," she home from the bank between ten and gave me the double-cross the other ing public saw her no more until just again. He has asked us to wire for the day, and now I've come back at you." before bank-closing hours in the after-Another man might have hastened noon. As she passed in the basket to meet the crisis. But the gray wolf phaeton between half-past two and was of a different mettle. He let the three through the overcrossing suburb envelope lie untouched until after he there were signs of an armistice aphad pulled out a drawer in the desk, parent, even before the battlefield was ards of existence had not changed for found his box of cigars, and had lei- reached. Pottery Flat was populated a century. Once more Broffin was thinking in surely selected and lighted one of the again, and the groups of men bunched terms of speed. Johnson, the paying fat black monstrosities. When he tore on the street corners arguing peace- the grand hotel, and you become the was a man who had evidently looked If he should be the one to come to print fell out, and he studied it care of the corners and beckened to a zation that laughs at mountains, avafully for many seconds before he read young iron-molder.

"Anything new, Malcolm?" she asked. "You bet your sweet life!" said the

men did, on a plane of perfect equality

us, comin' and goin'. There wasn't no

"You don't think I'm fool enough to orders from the big federation, at all;

fake!

"He has gone?" she said. "He'd better be. If he shows himself 'round here again, there's goin' to

Miss Grierson drove on, and at the culating 'round that Raymer and Gris- ing of the clans. The sidewalks were afternoon, the envelope will be iron works there were more of the peaceful indications. The gates were Jasper Grierson's teeth met in the open, and a switching engine from the one of the barred gates between the marrow of the fat cigar. Equally with railroad yards was pushing in a car

Raymer saw her when she drove unment later she came down the corridor to stand in the open doorway of

"You are still alone?" she asked. "Yes: Griswold hasn't shown up since morning. I don't know what has

"And the labor trouble, is that going

He looked away and ran his fingers smash him. Wouldn't it be better to through his hair as one still puzzled acle has been wrought," be said. "A Jasper Grierson's rage fit, or the little while ago a committee came to

"Yes," she returned quietly, "it was just that-a mistake." And then: "You are going to take them back?"

"Certainly. The plant will start up again in the morning." Then his cu-"I have shown it. Take the prop of riosity broke bounds, "I can't underyour backing from behind this labor stand it. How did you work the mir-

> "Perhaps I didn't work it." "I know well enough you did, in some way."

She dismissed the matter with a land deal. You have broken bread toss of the pretty head. "What difwith Mr. Galbraith as a friend, and ference does it make so long as you



"You Can Wade Ashore Now, Can" You?"

like; I don't care." She was drawing are out of the deep water and in place where you can wade ashore? You can wade ashore now, can't you?' He nodded. "This morning I should have said that we couldn't; but now-" he reached over to his desk one-the book writer," said the father. and handed her a letter to which was Then, without warning: "He's a pinned a telegram less than an hour

She read the letter first. It was a curt announcement of the withdrawal gloves. "What makes you think so?" of the Pineboro railroad's repair work. The telegram was still briefer: "Disregard my letter of yesterday;" this, and the signature, "Atherton." The straight. I've been keeping cases on smaller plotter returned the correspondence with a little sigh of relief. It had been worse than she had terposed. "He is my friend, and I thought, and it was now better than she had dared hope.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SWISS HOTELS WONDROUS Stand in Solitary Grandeur, But Lack Nothing That Makes for Comfort of Traveler.

You may climb up the heights by the aid of rallways, funiculars, racksand-pinions, diligenses and sledges, and when nothing but your own feet will take you any further you will see in Switzerland a grand hotel, magically and incredibly raised aloft in the mountains.

It is solitary-no town, no houses, nothing but this hotel hemmed in on all sides by snowy crags and made impregnable by precipices and treacherous snow and ice.

At the great redrawing of the map of Europe, when the lesser nationalities are to disappear, the Switzers will take armed refuge in their farthest grand hotels and there defy the mandates of the concert.

For the hotel, no matter how remote it be, lacks nothing that is mentioned said calmly. "You threw me down and eleven in the morning, an admir- in the dictionary of comfort. Beyond its walls your life is not worth twelve hours' purchase. You would not die of hunger, be-

cause you would perish of cold. At best you might hit on some peasant's cottage in which the stand-

But once pass within the portals of

lanches and frost. Tent for the Children. A tent in the back yard is a great young molder, meeting her, as most joy to children; it helps to keep house and yard looking neat, for the children and frankness. "We was hoodcoed to can be expected and required to keep beat the band, and Mr. Raymer's got their playthings in the tent when they

are told that it is their exclusive playroom and that they must confine any untidiness to that particular spot. -Today.

Ideal Resort. Nodd-"How is the Bingbang restau-

## LIVES A GIRL

Who Suffered As Many Girls Do-Tells How She Found Relief.

Sterling, Conn .- "I am a girl of 22 years and I used to faint away every month and was very 000

weak. I was also bothered a lot with female weakness. I read your little book Wisdom for Women, and I saw how others had been helped by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and decided to try it, and it has made me feel

like a new girl and I am now relieved of all these troubles. I hope all young girls will get relief as I have. ' I never felt better in my life."-Mrs. John TETREAULT, Box 116, Sterling, Conn.

Massena, N. Y .- "I have taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and I highly recommend it. If anyone wants to write to me I will gladly tell her about my case. I was certainly in a bad condition as my blood was all turning to water. I had pimples on my face and a bad color, and for five years I had been troubled with suppression. The foctors called it 'Anemia and Exhaustion,' and said I was all run down, but Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought me out all right,"-Miss LAVISA MYRES, Box 74, Massena, N.Y.

Young Girls, Heed This Advice. Girls who are troubled with painful or frregular periods, backache, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should immediately seek restoration to health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Useful in His Day.

"Nobody mentions the sea serpent

any more," remarked the reminiscent person. "Yes," replied Mr. Growcher, "and I must confess I miss him. The sea serpent was one of our most useful animals."

"But they say he never existed." "I don't care whether he existed or not. He provided conversation about the ocean that did not threaten international misunderstandings of any kind."

Last a Long Time.

Mrs. Murphy's husband was extremely ill, so she called the doctor and then anxiously inquired as to the sufferer's state. "I am sorry to say, madam," replied

the doctor gravely, "that your husband is dying by inches." "Well, doctor," said Mrs. Murphy, with an air of resignation, "wan good thing is my poor husband is six feet three in his socks, so he'll last some

As Usual. "Does your wife find anything to talk about?"

Wash day is smile day if you use Red Cross Ball Blue, American made, therefore the best made. Adv.

t."-Judge

"Not a thing. And she talks about

Queen ants have been known to live for fifteen years.

## Carefully Treat Children's Colds

Neglect of children's colds often lays the foundation of serious lung trouble. On the other hand, it is harmful to continually dose delicate little stomachs with internal medicines or to keep the children always indoors.

Plenty of fresh air in the bedroom and a good application of Vick's "Vap-O-Rub" Salve over the throat and chest at the first sign of trouble, will keep the little chaps free from colds without injuring their digestions. 25c, 50c, or \$1.00.

THE GENUINE HAS THIS TRADE MARK VAPORUB" VICK'S Croup and SALV

Make the Liver

Do' its Duty Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly con pel a lazy liver to do its duty. Cures stipation, In-Headache. and Distress After Eating.



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE.

Genuine must bear Signature

be dissolved in water as needed For Douches In the local treatment of woman's ills, such as leucorrhoea and inflammation, hot douches of Paxtine are very efficacious. No woman who has ever used medicated No woman who has ever used medicated douches will fail to appreciate the clean and healthy condition Partine produces and the prompt relief from screness and discomfort which follows its use. This is because Partine possesses superior cleansing, disinfecting and healing properties.

For ten years the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. has recommended Partine in their private correspondence with we-

private correspondence with we private correspondence with which proves its superiment. Women who have been with the worth its relieved say it is "worth its weight in gold." At druggists.

50c. large box or by mail. Sample free.

The Paxton Toilet Co., Boston, Mass

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

His Story at Least is a Variation From Time-Honored Yarns So Often

Rehashed. ful soul-(chorus of impolite friends told this story:

ety of truth).

Mr. Scriptune set out with his little fishing rod the other morning for the fly. the Mohawk river in search of trout. Porter T. Scriptune is a truthful Some hours later he returned wildsoul, Porter T. Scriptune is a truth- eyed and weary, and to his friends he fish endeavoring to haul Mr. Scrip- Inasmuch as trout are not known

arise and chant)—Yes, he is, as white shallows with indifferent success and fish into shallow water, where he

(chorus, "There always does!") the scales. mame is Scripture, not Scripture, or are!") when there was a prodigious Scripture got the trout into shallow the cruel blow. The fish weighed native waters. (Choras, "Well, that's she said."—Life.

clously and his teeth snapping vi- in one day. A terrible struggle here ensued clously, and hung him on his pocket

"So that's your raise, is it? Where

Again the biting silence; and then:

does the game stand, right now?"

"You stand to lose."

What was to be done? On one side

fame and fortune beckoned, but there also threatened the stern face of the tune into the depths and drown him, to have pockets, it is supposed that law. On the other side duty and of Mr. Scriptune here gets its cue to He had been casting a fly from the Mr. S. laboring valiantly to lure the Mr. Scriptune, in his excitement honesty. Duty and honesty triumphed. as coal. However, Mr. Scriptune was about to reel up and move on could be seized. Finally, after 40 alluded to his, Mr. Scriptune's, ought to know), and the record trout there with my wife for an hour the shall be heard. (Unfortunately his (chorus of friends: "They always minutes of tremendous exertion, Mr. pocket scales. However, now comes was sadly released, to return to his other evening and couldn't hear a word

FISHERMAN HAS A NEW ONE it would be a cinch to compare Scrip- splash and a giant fish that looked water and picked him-(chorus, "Ay, 111/2 pounds. This is a record. But a new one, anyway, Bill. Y'gonna ture with the well-known gospel vari- with the silvery sheen on its scales, go on; he slipped off the hook, didn't -Mr. Scriptune recollected suddenlike a German torpedo, leaped sev- he?") No. Mr. Scriptune lifted the ly-the law says that no angler may nant when people ask him why he eral feet out of the water and seized mammoth fish, his tail flapping fero- take more than ten pounds of trout didn't cut off and return a pound and a half of the trout's tail, and thus keep within the law.-New York

playing fast and loose with pronouns, (Mr. Scriptune says so, and he rant?" Tom-"Wonderful! I was in

World